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# ROCKY LANE

NO. 81

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RECKT LANE WESTERN

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July, 1954

Volume 1, Number 10

Published in the U.S.A.

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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#### WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 2005

# ROCKY LANE

## **"PRAIRIE WAR DRUMS"**

## PART I - SMOKE SIGNALS

SOMETHING'S GONE MISSING AT THE 1000 FOOT  
RESPIRATION, BLACK JACK, I THOUGHT SORROW  
AND CALLING ALL THE WARRIORS BACK TO CAMP,  
AND THE RHYTHM OF THOSE DRUM BEATS SHANG  
OUT MAH OR MY EAR FOR MUSIC IN SONG.

BOOM!

THE SECRET MARSHAL—ROKKY LANE, HEADS BACK FOR THE CHEF MARSHALS HEADQUARTERS THE HAUNTING SIGHT OF INDIAN WAR DRUMS BREAKS THE SILENCE OF THE WESTERN TRAILS AND FILL THEM WITH TERROR!



## ROCKY LANE WESTERN

**BUT AS  
ROCKY  
LAKE  
APPROACHES  
THE  
ENTRANCE  
TO THE  
WILL  
FOOT  
RESERVA-**



MY NAME IS ROCKY  
LAWL! I'M A FRIEND  
OF YOUR CHILD.  
HOWLING BEAR! IF  
ONE OF YOU WILL  
TELL HIM, I'M HERE.  
I'M BURN HEAT  
SEE ME!

卷之三

GET OFF HORSES  
AND STAND STILL  
TRY NO TRICKS  
OR ARROW WILL  
SPLIT ALREADY  
ARCH IN TWO

## A few moments later...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU!  
HERE COMES YOUR CHIEF  
WITH THE MESSANGER!

ROCKY LAKE! WE  
CAME TO SEE YOU  
AT THE FESTIVAL.



WHAT'S GOING ON - CHEF HOWLING MAD?

...AND NO GETTING  
READY TO BATTLE  
THEM, ONLY TO  
PRACTICE BRAVADO  
IF THEY ACTUALLY

YOU'RE OFF THE  
BEAN, CHIEF!  
THE PAPERBACKS  
WOULD NEVER  
ATTACK YOU!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WE THINK DIFFERENTLY ! WE  
ASKED YOU ALL ALREADY WHEN  
TELL YOU WHOLE STORY !  
EARLY THIS MORNING --



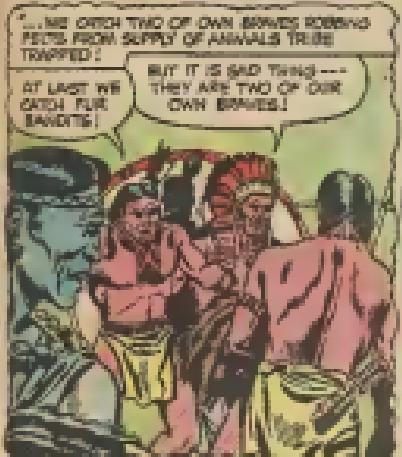
... WE CATCH TWO OF OWN BRIDES ROBBING  
FEST FROM SUPPLY OF ANIMALS TRIBE  
TRAPPED !

AT LAST WE  
CATCH FIVE  
BANDITS !

BUT IT IS SAD THING ---  
THEY ARE TWO OF OUR  
OWN BRIDES !

WHAT DO  
WITH  
THEM ?

WE CALL COUNCIL OF SLDERS  
AND DECIDE THEIR FATE !



BUT WHILE HOLDING  
COUNCIL, LITTLE FOX  
AND RUMMING GREEN  
ESCAPE !

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, BUT  
WHAT HAS ALL THIS TO DO WITH  
YOUR THINKING THAT THE WHITE  
MEN ARE GOING TO ATTACK YOU ?

LITTLE FOX AND RUMMING CREEK  
WATERFUL ! WE FEAR THEY RIDE TOTONAWA  
AND START TROUBLE SO PAULRACE HILL  
BLAHS WHOLE TRIBE FOR IT ! THAT'S  
TO START BATTLE !

DID YOU TRY  
TO FIND  
THOSE TWO  
REBELLION ?



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



IF WHAT YOU HEAR, CHEEF HOWLING BEAR, IS TRUE, THOSE TWO REBELLERS HAVE TO BE ROUNDUP FRONT! SINCE YOU INDIANS ARE BEST AT TRACKING DOWN ANIMALS --



--OR HUMANS, HOW ABOUT PICKING YOUR BEST HUNTER AND SENDING HIM OUT WITH ME TO SEE IF WE CAN FIND LITTLE FOX AND RUMBLE CLOUD BEFORE THEY START ANY FIREWORKS!

WILL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, ROCKY. IF CAN STOP TROUBLE!



--THERE'S ONLY ONE ORDER I HAVE TO GIVE HIM -- SEE IF YOU CAN FOX UP THE TRAIL OF THOSE TWO THIEVING INDIANS! AND THE FASTER THE BETTER!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

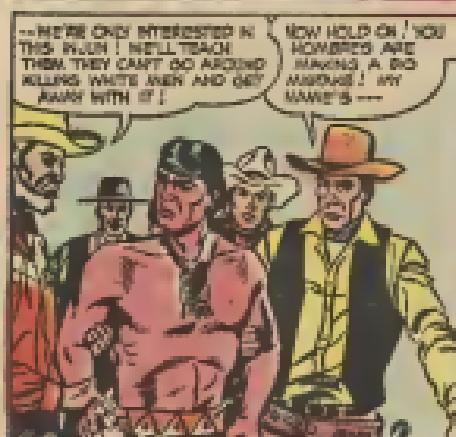


--HE'S ONE INTERESTED IN THIS RUM! I'LL TEACH THEM. THEY CAN'T GO AROUND KILLING WHITE MEN AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

NOW HOLD ON! YOU HOMIES ARE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! MY NAME'S —

BUT BEFORE ROCKY CAN GET ANOTHER WORD OUT—

DASH! NO ONE'S GOING TO INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS! ONE OF 'EM MEN GUARD THIS JASPER WHILE WE FIND A NICE BIG TREE AND STRAP THE REDSKIN UP!



DASH IS THE SECRET MARSHAL TRYING TO BREAK THE COMBOS OUT OF HIS MIND...

IF THAT COHORN AG MUCH AS TRIES TO SAY ONE WORD TO GIVE THIS HYDE BLAHIN' BACK, SHOOT HIM DOWN!

SO, I WHAT FAR I GOING TO DO IF I CANT LET 'EM ARREST ME INNOCENT MAN! BUT IF I MAKE ONE MORE, I'M DONE FOR, TOO!



WHAT WILL THE SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE DO? WILL HE RISK HIS DEATH TO SAVE HIS BOY?

KNOWING THE COURAGEOUS MARSHAL, THE ANSWER IS PROBABLY YES!

READ ON FOR THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF "VICTORY IN THE DUNGEON!"

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

# Rocky Lane

## PRAIRIE WAR DRUMS

PART II

THE TRAIL OF THE  
MISSING DAUGHTER!

THEY'RE ABOUT TO SLAP  
WIND POOT'S HORSE AND  
LEAVE HIM SWINDING! IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER!

THE TRAIL OF THE  
MISSING DAUGHTER!



THE FIRST MOVE I MAKE TO GET UP, THIS  
HORSEBRE WILL SHOOT ME! THAT'S SO  
CLOSE TO HIS FOOT, MARSHIE ---

--- I CAN SPOT HIM  
IN MORE THAN ONE  
WAY!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

YOU'VE GOT NO  
RIGHT TO TAKE  
THE LAW INTO  
YOUR OWN  
HANDS! YOU  
ALMOST  
KILLED AN  
INNOCENT  
MAN!



WHO AFTER ROCKY LANE EXPLAINS...

WE'RE GETTING OUT TO  
TOWN TOMORROW AND WANT  
EVERYBODY TO BE ON THE  
LOOKOUT FOR LITTLE  
BOB AND RUMBLE  
GREEN!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE  
DON'T WANT ANYONE  
ELSE TO MAKE  
THE SAME MISTAKE  
WE ALMOST DID!



BUT AS THEY REACH TOWN...

IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE  
CALLED A MEETING  
ALREADY!

AND THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR TROUBLE  
THEY'RE BEING ARMED TO THE TEETH!

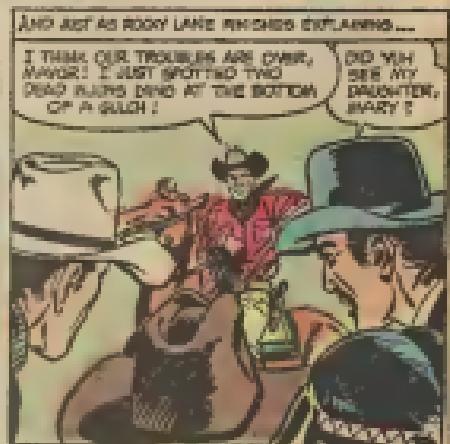


HEY, LOOK! A WEB  
FOOT INJUN! GRAB HIM!

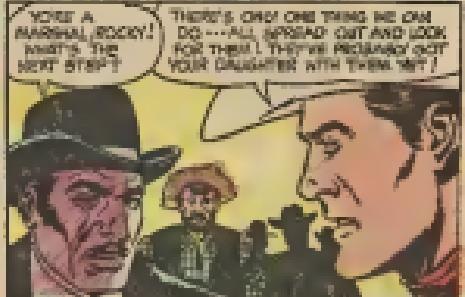
OH, NO! NOT  
AGAIN!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BECAUSE IF WE ARRIVE THERE AND WHAT WAS CROSS ALIBACH, I'M AFRAID THERE'D BE NO REASCHING WITH THEM! SORRY I MIGHT BLAST FASTER THAN IOM THE FOURTH OF JULY!

WE BETTER HURRY. I HEAR LOOKS OF BODY IN DELCH. THEY NOT DEAD YET! A LITTLE FOX AND RUNNING CREEK COULD NOT KIDS TOO MUCH AGONY OF US! MAYBE STILL TIME TO SAVE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER! POUCH ME!



SHORTLY AFTER... I'M SORRY, BUT THERE'S NO WAY, ROCKY! THERE ARE MORE BIRDS AND CROCODILES IN IT THAN IN AN OLD PLANTER'S BACK! I



MEANWHILE, NOW WE TURN BACK AT THE FOREST. I DIED IN THE FOREST AND PUT OUT BEFORE SHE DIED!



BEST THING IS SCALP HER, THEN PASS HER ON IN TOWN SO THEY CAN FIND DEAD DAUGHTER, HER!



ALL THINGS YOU WANT, RUNNING CREEK!



BUT JUST THEN... COULD I AM HONO! (GODAM!)

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

# GOPHERFACE

THIS  
ENDS,  
ALL!



## ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# THE PRINCE ALBERT KID in RAILROAD RANGER

Eli Thiel had his left hand on the throttle, as the locomotive sped along the newly laid rails. It was a beautiful summer day, and he could see a long distance ahead.

"Some day they are going to build up this West," he remarked to his brother, Ledger Ostrin. "Maybe when I quit the railroad I'll get me a plot of ground and build a house."

"If the Indians don't get you first," answered the brother.

"Got a letter from my brother-in-law. He's on the P.C. and I, and they were attacked by redskins last month. We got a tough problem here. That blasted Market gang strikes quickly and then vanishes."

The engineer shifted the throttle and slowed down the speed of the locomotive. His keen eyes had spotted a section of the rail missing. He brought the train to a stop.

"Could be a wash out. We'll have to back track."

The engineer climbed down from his cab. At the same time, Conductor Leonard Coffey came over to join him.

"What's wrong, Eli?" he inquired.

No words answered that question. A volley of shots dropped the two men. The brother poked his head out to see what was wrong. A minute later, he too was a corpse.

There were six masked men, led by a man with a short beard. They all held revolvers in their hands. Their leader was the dreaded railroad bandit, Dave Market. He gave orders to his men.

"Joe and Pete, you two keep the passengers quiet in that single car. The rest of you go for the mail car."

He Hartshorne wasn't a coward as he heard the shooting. He took a loaded rifle from the rack. As mail clerk, it was his duty to protect the United States mail. He heard an order outside of his mail car.

"Come out with your hands up. Otherwise we'll put gunpowder underneath this car and blow it up into the sky."

The clerk opened the door slightly and thrust the muzzle of his rifle through. He tried to aim, but it was too late, as well directed bullets dropped him. The door was completely opened, and the gang went methodically to work. They took the bags with registered mail and opened the cash box. Then they returned to their horses and rode away.

Mr. Benjamin Bradshaw, President of P.C. and I, was a tired and worried man. He turned to Postal Inspector John Wolf.

"That was a massacre. Killed three men and bodily wounded the mail clerk. Surely the United States Government isn't going to sit by idly and see such a crime committed. You have troops at Fort Bennington. Why don't you call them out and protect the railroad?"

"Those killers will be caught," assured the Postal Inspector, with an air of confidence. "Washington has asked the aid of the one man we know can do this job. Surely you have heard of the Prince Albert Kid. He's outside now, and he has a plan that should work."

The railroad president greeted the famous man of the West and listened attentively as a plan unfolded.

"We will fit up one car with stalls for horses," explained the Prince Albert Kid. "Chief Quick Eyes and five of his braves will be with me. There will be two horses for each of us. One horse for riding and the other to carry supplies. In that same car will be living quarters for us. You will attach your best locomotive to this car. The next time there is a hold-up, we will be on the scene within two or three hours. Then we can pick up the tracks of those men — provided it doesn't rain."

A month later, Pete Smathers and Joe Konsar, with the rest of the gang, were waiting for their leader. Joe had something to say.

"You are the only one who knows the real identity of our boss. If anything happened and we were caught, he would get away with it. He could take everything and just beat it, but we would go to prison."

## ROCKY LANE

"I thought of that," answered Pete Smathers. "But any man who is smart enough to figure out this plan will keep us out of jail. We got to work fast. We told our boss, Mr. Rowley we would be back before evening. That's comes our leader now."

The mounted outlaws followed their leader and stopped at the railroad tracks. There was a huge boulder.

"Push that on the track, and the train will stop."

The hold-up took place quickly and efficiently. The engineer and the fireman were wounded. The mail car was blasted open when the clerk refused to obey orders. Before riding away, the crooks cut the telegraph lines. As soon as they were out of sight, a passenger got out of the single car and climbed a pole. He attached a key and clicked out a message. Two hours later a locomotive with the special mail car arrived on the scene. The passenger, who was none other than a Secret Service man, explained quickly to the Prince Albert Kid what had happened. First he saw that the wounded were not in danger. Then he gave an order to the Indian scouts.

"We must catch those bandits. Follow their tracks."

To the ordinary naked eye the tracks of the horses would have been invisible at first. They were followed until sunset, and then the men made camp. Chief Quick Eyes had something to tell his famous leader.

"Lead horse of bandits shows right front hoof there is a nail missing from horse shoe. If does not rain, then we can follow them in the morning."

As a safety precaution, two Indians stayed awake and watched carefully, as the rest slept. Then, in the morning, they all ate quickly and mounted their horses. Chief Quick Eyes rode in front and raised his hand for them to stop after they had been riding an hour.

"Horse with missing nail goes to right. Other horses go to left. Down below you see a ranch. I follow other horse and then join you."

Pete Smathers acted as foreman of the Double 'O' Ranch. He was puzzled as he saw a group of Indians riding behind a white man. But when the man dismounted, the foreman could at once spot his identity. No need to tell the name of the man who wore a Prince Albert coat — and who carried two pearl-handled six-shooters in his holsters.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked the foreman, who also noticed the pack horses.

"We are looking for the men who held up a train yesterday. Anything you can tell us will be welcome."

"Invite the gentleman inside," interrupted the voice of Mr. Richard Rowley, owner of the ranch. "I shall be glad to speak to him."

The Prince Albert Kid entered the large living room of the ranch. He at once noticed the many books around the room. And he could spot the English accent of the owner.

"Terrible, terrible thing that is happening. These hold-ups, killings, and shootings," lamented Mr. Rowley. "It is too much for my nerves. I hope to sell this ranch and return shortly to my native England."

The two men continued speaking for a few minutes, and then the door opened. The foreman had something to say.

"An Indian wants to see the Prince Albert Kid at once. Says it is very important."

The famous man of the West went outside and spoke softly to Chief Quick Eyes, who had vital news.

"Horse with missing nail in shoe is in a shack up of the hill. Rider changed to another horse and came here. And look what I found on floor." He handed several pieces of matted hair to the Prince Albert Kid.

"I would like to speak to you and your cowboys," said the Prince Albert Kid to the foreman.

As soon as they entered the bunk house, the Prince Albert Kid whipped out his two six-guns.

"You are all under arrest," he announced. "Make the slightest move, and I'll shoot. Now all I have to know is the name of your leader."

There were three quick shots through the window, and Pete Smathers fell down to the floor dead. The Prince Albert Kid didn't move an inch. He waited until some of the armed Indians entered, and then turned his men over to them. As he hurried to the ranch house, he met Mr. Rowley coming towards him. In a minute they were face to face.

"I heard shots," said the ranch owner. "What happened?"

"You killed your foreman who was probably the only one who knew your true identity. Nice plan you had. You aren't an Englishman. You probably once were an actor. I still see some of the cream on your face. That beard was a clever disguise. Don't go for the gun you probably have concealed."

Two hours before they hung Mr. Rowley, he asked the Prince Albert Kid one question.

"The beard didn't give away my trail. Who did?"

"Your lack of English history," was the reply. "You should have studied about a king who lost his kingdom because a nail was missing from his horseshoe."

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

## ROPPING 'N' RIDING

*Allen Rocky Lane*  
AND BLACK JACK

Hi, Friends,

IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK IN THE BUNK HOUSE AGAIN, AFTER THE SWINE-TINSLING, HAIRY-FACE BLACK JACK AND I HAD JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

I WAS VISITING WITH AN OLD SADDLE PAL OF MINE... FELLOW BY THE NAME OF HAD BLACKIE... WHO HAD GOTTER HITCHED UP TO A HORSE BORN YERS AGO, AND SETTLED DOWN TO RAISE A HERD OF BIG LONGHORNS AND A BUNCH OF LITTLE SUMMERS...

HAD AND HADY...THAT'S HIS WIFE... SHINNED AND PROUD AROUND THEIR PLANS AND INTRODUCED ME TO ALL THE KIDS, AND WE WERE HAVING A SWELL AFTERNOON JUST CHEWING THE FAT, WHEN IT HAPPENED. BY GOSH I AIN'T THE YOUNGEST BLAINEZ BAMBINO IN THE ROOM WHERE WE WERE SITTIN', A GIMP CO-OPIN' IN HIS HAND. HE POINTED THE SIX-SHOTTER STRAIGHT AT MY HEAD AND PRETENDED HE WAS A LITTLEMAN SHOOTING DOWN A CRAZY WAINWRIGHT HE'D BEEN TRAILIN'. HAD AND I JUMPED UP, BEFORE WE COULD GET THAT DANGEROUS WEAPON OUT OF THE LITTLE FELLOPS HAND. HE HOLLERED, THE TROOPER THERE WAS A BOSS, AND THE RANCH BEHIND ME SHATTERED INTO A THOUSAND SICKLES OF GLASS. THIS BOSS, I ESTIMATED, HAD PUNCHED MY LEFT EAR BY ABOUT A SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH!

IN ANOTHER MOMENT I HAD SEIZED THE GUN FROM THE BOY, SURPRISED THE SAFETY ON AND HANDED IT BACK TO HAD... HIS FACE WAS THE COLOR OF A PURPLE SUNSET, WITHOUT SAYIN' A WORD, WE BOTH KNEW WHAT WAS IN HIS HEAD: THERE WAS A LITTLEMAN THERE, FOR ALL OF YOU, I THINK. A LITTLE MAN-WEAPON, LIKE A LOADED GUN, IN THE HANDS OF SOMEONE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW HOW DANGEROUS IT IS. CAN HE A TOY TO ENJOY ALL JOY? SO REMEMBER TO KEEP THINGS LIKE LOADED GUNS OUT OF THE REACH OF LITTLE THINGS WHO CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO KNOW HOW ALL-POWERFUL HASTY THEY CAN BE!

YOUR PALS,

*Allen Rocky Lane*  
and BLACK JACK

U



## YOUNG FALCON

THE DANGEROUS DISCOVERY

Young Falcon, only son of a great Chief massacred with his people by renegade Indians, is temporarily staying with a tribe he has allied! We find him hunting through the mountains fastidiously when suddenly a chilling scream pierces the peaceful area!



RAFT AS THE BIRD SHRIKE HAD BEEN, YOUNG FALCON RACED TO THE SPOT FROM WHERE THE SCREAM CAME!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

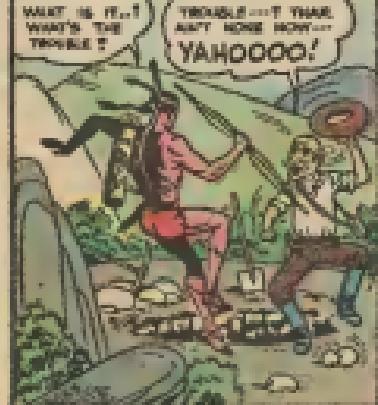
TROUBLE---I THINK ANY MORE MORN--- YAHOOOO!

I THOUGHT LIKE YOU THAT, YOUNG FELLA! I, TOO, JUST HOLDING A ONE-HANDED CELEBRATION! I JUST UNCOVERED A RICH MINE OF GOLD!

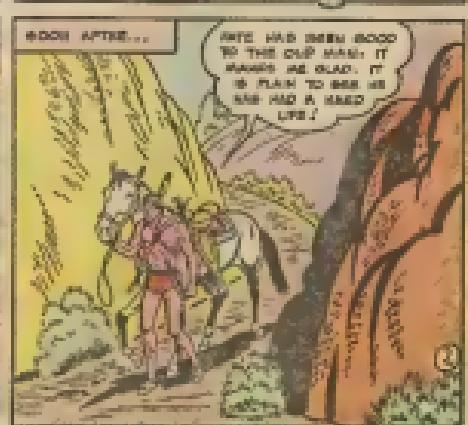
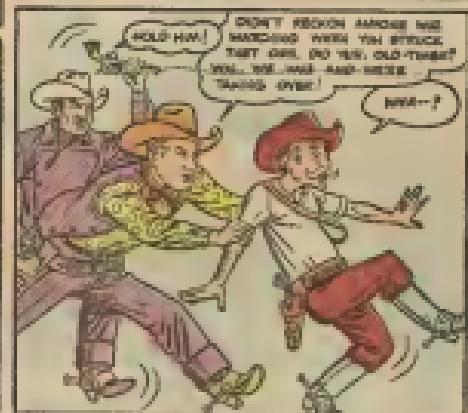
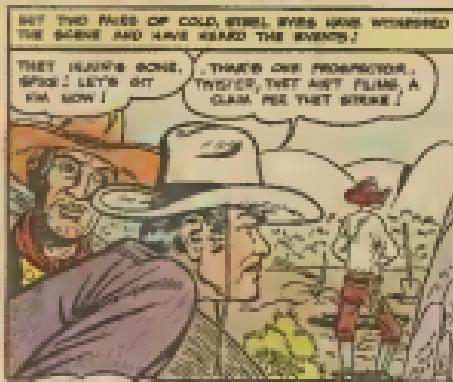
YIPPEEE!

I SEE. AND I OFFER YOU MY CONGRATULATIONS. I AM KNOWN AS YOUNG FALCON!

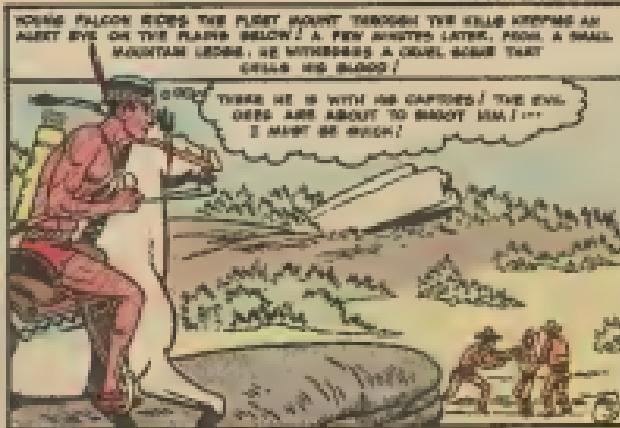
THANKS, AND I GLAD TO KNOW YOU, YOUNG FALCON! AND ANOTHER JESUS TROUBLE!



## ROCKY LANE WESTERN



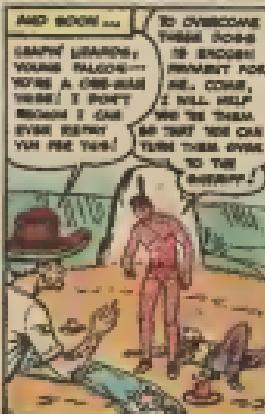
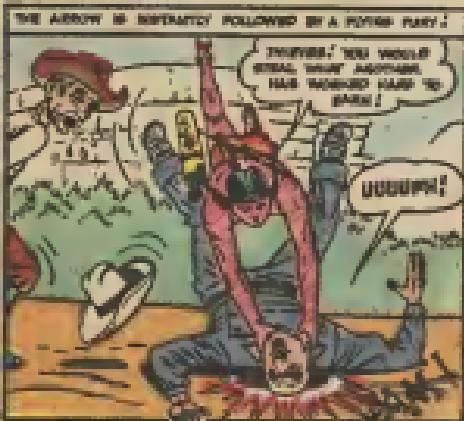
## ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY FALCON RIDES THE FLICK MOUNT THROUGH THE HILLS KEEPING AN ALERT EYE ON THE PLAINS BELOW! A FEW MINUTES LATER, FROM A SMALL MOUNTAIN LEDGE, HE WITNESSES A CRUEL SCENE THAT CHILLS HIS BLOOD!

ROCKY THERE HE IS WITH HIS CAPTIVES! THE ENEMIES ARE ABOUT TO BRADY HIM!--I MUST BE BRAVE!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



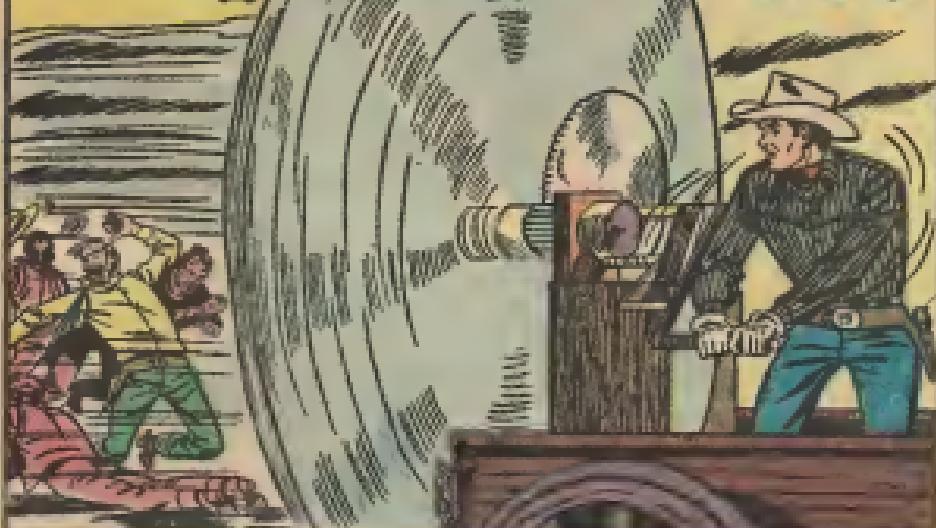
**FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
ROCKY LANE IN  
SIX-GUN HEROES,  
NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.**

## ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

# Rocky Lane

and THE RIDERS of the FOG



WHEN SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE FINDS THE ANSWER TO A STRANGE MYSTERY SHROUDED IN AN EVEN STRANGER FOG, HE COMES UP WITH A FEW SURPRISES OF HIS OWN AS HE BATTLES THE RIDERS OF THE FOG!

AT MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS...  
SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE RECIEVES LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS.

THE MESSAGE CAME FROM A GIRL, MRS. TEERY MATTHEWS. HEY, ROCKY -- SAYS HE -- GRANDDAD SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED! IT'S THE CIRCLE IN RANCH IN THE GREAT PLAINS REGION!

I KNOW THE WAY, QUEER! I'LL BE THERE SECRETLY AFTER DARK! LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!

HOURS LATER, ROCKY AND BLACK JACK RIDE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BLACK JACK -- THE GREAT PLAINS! HOW TO FIND THE CIRCLE IN RANCH AND HAVE A TALK WITH MRS. MATTHEWS?

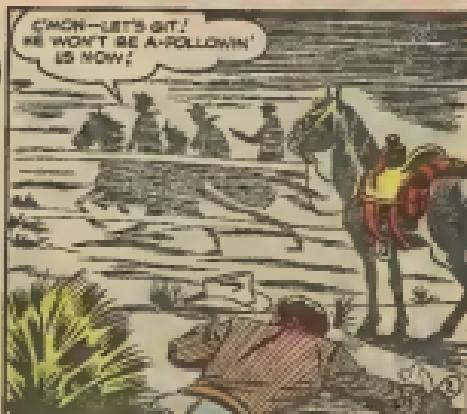
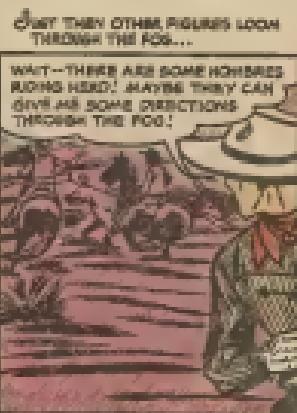


IT IS ROCKY RIDES DEEPER INTO THE VALLEY...

FOG -- AND IT'S GETTING HEAVIER! I'LL BE BUFFALOED IF THIS ISN'T ABSOLUTELY QUEER! FOG IS UNKNOWN IN THIS DAY REGION!



## ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SHORTLY AFTER, ROCKY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

MY ARM—it feels numb! But I'm lucky—that varmint's horse only hit me a glancing blow. But say—the fog's almost disappeared!

IT'S TOO LATE TO CALL DR. MATHESON TONIGHT. I'LL FIND THE NEAREST TOWN AND VISIT THE CIRCLE M IN THE MORNING. COME ON, BLACK JACK!

I THINK I'LL STOP BY AT THE SHERIFF'S IN THE NEAREST TOWN. I WANT TO KNOW WHO THOSE VARMINTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND MORE ABOUT THIS STRANGE PRAIRIE FOG.



AND SOON, IN THE NEAREST TOWN...

OF COURSE I'VE HEARD OF YOU, MARSHAL! WHO HADN'T! IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, RECKON. I'VE COME HERE TO GET THE JUST-UN THAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON!

HO, BUT I WAS NEARLY DONE IN BY SOME VARMINTS DRIVING CATTLE A SHORT WHILE AGO! RECKON THEY WERE THE BUSTERS YOU SPEAK OF?



I RODE ONTO THEM, IN THE MIDDLE OF A HEAVY FOG! THAT FOG IS A RIGHTY GODD THING, TOO! SINCE WHEN ARE HEAVY SEA-COAST FOGS FOUND ON THE PRAIRIE?

THESE LAST FEW WEEKS, IT'S GOT ME STUMPED. THE FOG JUST COMES AND GOES AND THOSE BUSTERS SEE IT AS A COVER FOR THEIR BUSTIN'!



YEAH, PRAIRIE FOGS ARE RESTLESS! SOME PACKAGE TO GOVE, SHERIFF. I'VE BEEN ON ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT, BUT COUNT ME IN FOR ANY HELP I CAN GIVE YOU!

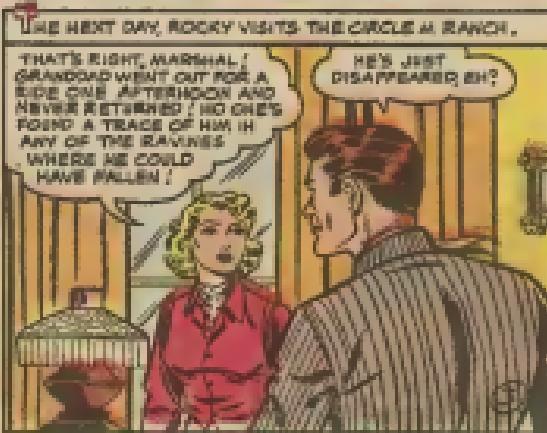
I SURE WILL, MARSHAL, AND THANKS A-PLENTY!



THE NEXT DAY, ROCKY VISITS THE CIRCLE M RANCH.

THAT'S EIGHT, MARSHAL! GRANDDAD WENT OUT FOR A SIDE ONE AFTERNOON AND NEVER RETURNED! NO ONE'S FOUND A TRACE OF HIM IN ANY OF THE BAVINES WHERE HE COULD HAVE FALLEN!

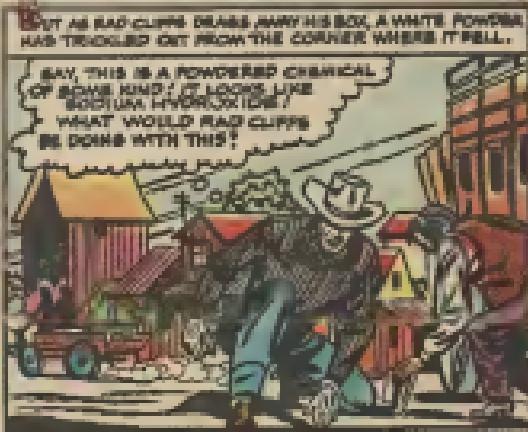
HE'S JUST DISAPPEARED, EH?



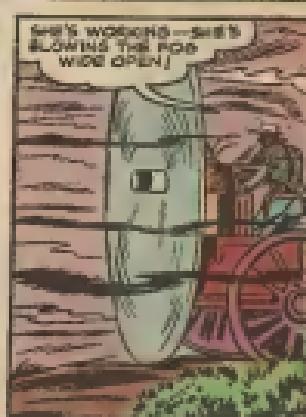
## ROCKY LANE WESTERN



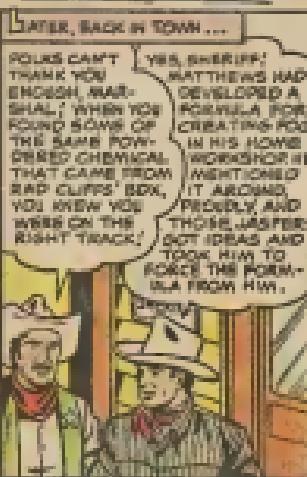
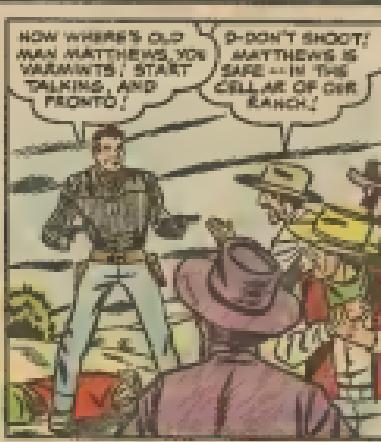
## ROCKY LANE WESTERN



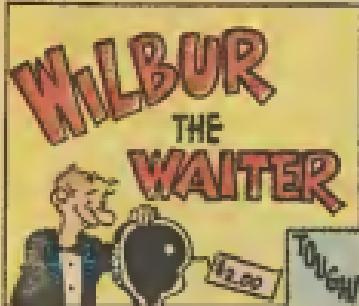
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# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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LINDY JITTERBUG  
SQUARE DANCES**



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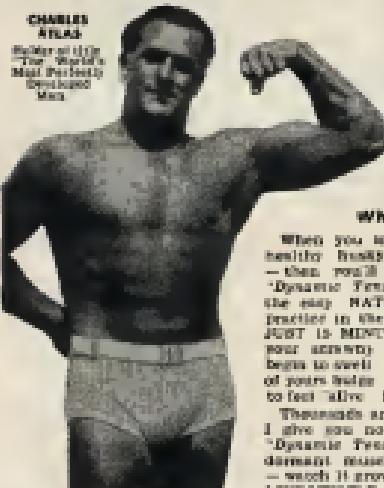
**Hey SKINNY!**  
...YER RIBS  
ARE SHOWING!



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